

**A Coming Flood  
Series  
VOLUME 1**

**ENOCH**  
**In the City of Adam**  
by  
**J.L. Thompson**



**Salt Lake City**

© 2014 by J.L. Thompson  
ALL RIGHTS RESERVED,  
including the right of reproduction in whole or in part.

PAPERBACK VERSION  
ISBN-13: 978-0692360910  
ISBN-10: 0692360913

HARDBACK VERSION  
TBA

KINDLE VERSION  
TBA

BISAC: Fiction / Historical

**Leicester Bay Books**  
3877 Leicester Bay  
South Jordan, UT

Cover art by Scottsdale Multimedia  
of Scottsdale, Arizona

# Table of Contents

Chapter One — <b>The Prince</b>	3
Chapter Two — <b>A Taste of Glory</b>	20
Chapter Three — <b>A Boy of Little Promise</b>	28
Chapter Four — <b>The Visionary</b>	47
Chapter Five — <b>Amiss in the Land</b>	58
Chapter Six — <b>Thicker Than Water</b>	69
Chapter Seven — <b>The Watchers</b>	76
Chapter Eight — <b>Appointment with Destiny</b>	83
Chapter Nine — <b>An Awakening</b>	93
Chapter Ten — <b>The Abduction</b>	104
Chapter Eleven — <b>A Merchant of Mugwin</b>	112
Chapter Twelve — <b>The Plunder</b>	125
Chapter Thirteen — <b>A Mission</b>	132
Chapter Fourteen — <b>Two Days</b>	139
Chapter Fifteen — <b>The Valley of Adam-ondi-Ahman</b>	146
Chapter Sixteen — <b>A Band of Raiders</b>	154
Chapter Seventeen — <b>The Fathers</b>	161
Chapter Eighteen — <b>No Worse Enemy</b>	181
Chapter Nineteen — <b>The Art of Death</b>	188
Chapter Twenty — <b>A Sea of Faces</b>	194
Chapter Twenty-One — <b>In the Beginning</b>	208
Chapter Twenty-Two — <b>Two Trees</b>	215
Chapter Twenty-Three — <b>A Helping Hand</b>	231
Chapter Twenty-Four — <b>The Altar</b>	240
Chapter Twenty-Five — <b>Preparing for Battle</b>	247
Chapter Twenty-Six — <b>The Belly of Leviathan</b>	255
Chapter Twenty-Seven — <b>Three Against a Column</b>	263
Chapter Twenty-Eight — <b>Miracles</b>	272
Chapter Twenty-Nine — <b>Eyes of the Eternities</b>	287
Chapter Thirty — <b>The Wail of Death</b>	295
Chapter Thirty-One — <b>The Chamber</b>	302



# — Chapter One

## — The Prince

### *Year 120*

Thick forest and dense undergrowth slowed his pace and blocked his view. Gray morning mist swirled in his wake as he forged ahead straining to see the mouth of the immense grotto where the Prince surely awaited him already. The morning light was still dim, and the tall trees and murky haze blocked most of the sun's early rays. He looked to see them piercing the forest like energy spears being shot from a single point. He thought about how superb it would be to possess a weapon that could emanate such beams that would deliver a destructive blow to his prey in a single blast. He enjoyed the thought for a moment, then proceeded to the edge of the thicket.

Although he feared no man or beast there was something unsettling about the path to Shea-ankh, the name he had given to this place. He had come alone for the final day of the journey, as he always did. There were those of his men who would give anything to complete the expedition and see what his eyes would shortly behold. They would withhold nothing for the opportunity, not even their wives or pure daughters to look upon the Prince and receive his favor. It would never be. The Prince spoke only to Cain, and that was the way it must remain. He would take no chance of losing his exalted station. His sons and men, all men, everywhere, must seek the High Prince through him, their mediator. He was just beginning to understand the role he would play in the Great Order and how his life would change as his kingdom rolled into existence, as it would continue until it finally filled the world, and very possibly beyond.

He shuddered as a sense of dread swept over him again, and he quickly scanned the trees feeling as if a lethal creature might spring from the depths of shadow and devour him without warning. He wondered if a great cat might be stalking him, waiting for the appropriate moment to pounce. He felt the sting in his right thigh where he had received a gash

from a long fang many years earlier, and tried to force the encounter from his mind.

A sickening impression of being swallowed by an oily serpent suddenly overwhelmed him and he retched as the scent of venomous bile stung his nostrils for an instant, but he crouched against a large, rotting trunk at the edge of the tree line and glanced in every direction to make sure that no menace was in sight. All was clear. That's how it appeared.

These impressions often came to him as he approached the end of each such journey. They were the obvious attempts of lesser beings to keep him from his destiny. The world was filled with them, and they all desired to be him, to be the Chosen. But he was the one, and nothing could alter that. He was too powerful, too close to the Prince—too intelligent to be replaced. Jealous creatures could cast their best at him in vain efforts to derail him, but he was no fool.

Cain shook off the ominous sensation that beleaguered him and looked around one last time before bolting into the clearing that lay before the gaping cavity. There was nothing that obstructed his way except a few boulders and clumps of tall grass. He sprang toward the mouth of the grotto and into the cavern seeking its protective barriers, glimpsing behind him only once before crossing the threshold. The moment he passed into the cave proper the foreboding left him and his muscles slackened again. It was so sudden, and as he stopped to examine his rapid change of feelings, another began to overtake him. This one he recognized also. The High Prince was here. He was suddenly filled with strength and his mind raced with successive flashes of victory and power. He loved this rushing of glorious supremacy through him, and he drank it in greedily, reveling in the knowledge that he shared it with no other man.

Cain was a great leader among his people, tall, strong, and quite handsome with dark, chiseled features. His eyes were deep blue, one of the few distinctive features he shared with his father, and they penetrated the souls of all those in his small kingdom. He knew each of them thoroughly, and knew their strengths and weaknesses, and how to manage them accordingly.

They looked up to him because of his abilities, his personal strength, and his wealth. The wealth was a natural result of his raw talent, and the gods had rewarded him well for his faithfulness. Not everyone recognized him as their leader; but that would soon change. There were plans in development and mechanisms set in action, even as this new day began, which would seal his position as the supreme being on earth.

## Enoch In the City of Adam

These quickly approaching realities were always with him, looming in his consciousness, consuming his thoughts day and night, but were never so tangible as when he stood in the presence of the High Prince.

He could have stood there in the entrance for the rest of eternity bathing his soul in the love of the Prince, but he knew that he must hasten to meet him. He hiked deeper into the depths of the cavern, disinterested in the vermin that scampered among the stones and through the shadowy clefts flanking the contorted cave. A radiance gleamed ahead from around a bend which confirmed that the Prince was present. A fancy raised the corners of Cain's mouth as he took pleasure in the thought that no other man knew of this place, or had witnessed what he was about to experience. He felt a great swell within him and a sudden urge to laugh pushed upward at his throat. Was it spiritual exultation, or possibly just physical euphoria that filled him? He wondered for an instant, realizing it was just the pure pleasure of being the most powerful man on the earth that made his soul soar to the heavens. It was his uniqueness in the universe that made him so valuable, so exceptional. His breathing quickened as he approached the light and turned the corner.

Cain arrived at the entry to the sacred chamber and his eyes were stung with the brilliance of the sight. A high throne stood majestically before him on the far side and the entire room shone brilliantly with reflected light from the golden walls. Opulence and inexplicable devices filled the entire room, and Cain's eyes struggled to absorb it all as they adjusted to the intense luminosity. Seated on the throne was the High Prince, magnificent and glorious like no man could ever appear. His smile was warm and radiated his affection for his Chosen. Light emanated from him and filled the room, bouncing and reflecting off of every titillating object and implement in the chamber. He was splendid in every conceivable way.

Cain inhaled deeply feeling a rushing wind pass, taking in the sweet fragrance that accompanied the Prince. Everything was intoxicating—the sights, the smells, the feelings—he was a god and Cain drank in his presence.

“My son,” a kind timbre emanated from the personage on the throne.

“High Prince,” Cain said, bowing slightly for a brief moment.

The Prince extended his hand and Cain knew this was his signal to approach. Cain examined the throne with great interest as he came nearer, his mind filled with thoughts of its value in exchange for goods and services as well as his eventual ascension to its occupancy if things

went as he planned.

“My Prince,” Cain spoke reverently as he took a few steps, switching his gaze to the perfect hand that beckoned him, wondering how it would feel if he reached out and touched it. Rings adorned most of the fingers, and they were enormous and bejeweled, bearing symbols that dazzled Cain with their implication. He looked beyond the hand and up the arm, covered with the royal robe of deep purple, which was of the finest workmanship Cain had witnessed. His eyes followed the contours of the prince’s vestige and he indulged himself in the vision of how he would appear dressed thus and seated upon this magnificent throne. It was an immensely gratifying reflection.

The Prince’s lips curled in satisfaction as his eyes read the face of his protégé. He raised his head and closed his eyes for a moment, extending his arms outward from the side to reveal the royal sash that bore his priestly emblem. Cain’s eyes fixed on it and for a moment he was unable to look away. The emblem sparked and glimmered, boring its image into Cain’s brain. The Prince lowered his arms again and Cain was able to look up into his kind face.

“My son,” the Prince began, “I know how modest you are, so I will not suffer that you need ask it of me again. But first, please, give me your report.”

Cain had busied himself in this season and had much to account. “I have done all, My Prince. I have accumulated all that you instructed, and my crops have been abundant.”

“So the rain I have sent has blessed you mightily, then,” the Prince interjected. Cain bowed his head slightly and said, “Yes. Thank you, High Prince.”

The Prince was pleased with this adulation. “And the other matter?”

Cain lowered his eyes and searched for words of excuse. “I . . . I could not . . .”

“What is this? What is your report?” The Prince feigned ignorant surprise.

“I was unable to accomplish . . . My brother is a wealthy and powerful man, and I cannot convince him to sell his herds to me.” Cain’s face grew distorted as he recounted his efforts to force a sale from his brother. “He is arrogant! He believes himself to be above me. He believes himself to be the chosen of God.”

“But *you* are my Chosen,” the Prince comforted indignantly. “Yes,” Cain agreed quickly. “But my brother does not know this. He offers sacrifice to

## Enoch In the City of Adam

the Great God from his flocks, and they are accepted of him.”

“I do not accept his sacrifices!” the Prince objected swiftly.

“I know. And when I offered my sacrifice it was rejected.”

“Oh?” the Prince probed, “Why is this?”

“The Watcher told me that my sacrifice was unacceptable because it was of the fruit of my fields.”

“What!?” the Prince protested. “Your sacrifice was unacceptable because it was the fruit of your field—the labor of your own hands?”

“Yes. I was outraged, livid with disgust.”

“As well you should be, my dear son?” the Prince soothed in agreement. “Your sacrifice is completely acceptable to me, and anyone who says it is not is a fool teetering on the edge of insanity.”

“Yes, I agree,” Cain said, looking up into the sympathetic eyes of his mentor.

“So, this Watcher . . . what was his excuse for his behavior?”

Cain’s eyes darted as he sought an answer. “He said that the fruit of my fields was not offered in similitude of the sacrifice of the Only Begotten, and was therefore, unacceptable.”

“But I *am* the Only Begotten!” the Prince’s voice boomed from the throne, “and I accept your sacrifice.” His countenance was stern and regal. Cain basked in the radiant glory of his master.

“Yes, Great Prince. Thank you,” he spoke in earnest gratitude.

“And the Watcher—did he say anything further?”

Cain thought a moment, then added, “He said that I should have taken of my grains and purchased a lamb from Abel, my brother, a firstborn creature without blemish, and that I should have offered up the lamb as a sacrifice to the Great God.” His lips drew back in a snarl as he spoke these last words.

The Prince shook his head in shared disgust, doing his very best to try to understand the injustice that was being heaped on this fine priest of the Highest. Finally, he spoke.

“My son—what would you ask of me?”

Cain thought about this for a brief moment, then asked, “What can I do to be accepted of the Lord?”

The Prince’s face filled with pity and affection and his eyes sparkled kindly as he said, “My dear son, you *are* accepted of the Lord. Your sacrifice is acceptable to me. You have offered up the fruit of your fields, the labor of your own hands, and that is all that I ask of you— it is all that anyone can ask of you. You are my son, and all that I have is yours. Everything on the earth is yours. Just ask me, and I will give it to you.”

Cain lowered his head and a tear rolled slowly onto his cheek. The Prince drank up his triumph and studied the man with the elation of the predator who watches his prey take its first bite of the bait.

The Prince watched for a moment, then asked, “So my son, what is it that your heart desires of me? Just ask, and it shall be yours.”

Cain reflected on the events he had recounted to the Prince and said, “Abel, my brother— he has no respect. He is favored of our father and all of the world believes him to be the preferred of the Great God. He refuses to sell his herds to me and I must crawl before him like a servant to purchase of his flocks to make sacrifice. He has influenced the Watchers so that they refuse my sacrifices. He hates me. He seeks my humiliation. He seeks my destruction. He will not rest until I am crushed and the memory of my life is lost to the eons.”

“Your memory shall never be lost, or diminished in any degree! You shall rule over your brother, and over all of your brothers for that matter. I will make you king, to rule over the earth. Any who resist you or besmirch your exalted name will perish and be cast into the abyss forever.”

Cain’s countenance brightened as the Prince declared his unwavering allegiance. He had lived with this smoldering cauldron of bile in his gut for years, and it had only worsened with each season. He wondered if his time had finally arrived. He speculated what the High Prince would do to right these many injustices.

“What can be done, O Great One?” Cain groveled.

“I believe it is time to convene the Council,” the Prince said, causing Cain to wonder what council he referred to.

Cain looked up at him questioning with his eyes. The Prince smiled warmly and with a raise of his hand the room was immediately transformed with the sudden appearance of twenty beings, marvelously angelic in appearance and all seated upon thrones positioned around the room, somewhat smaller and less ornate than his own, all bearing the names of those who occupied them. Cain was astonished and impressed at this sudden and extravagant display of unlimited power. He looked at the enthroned being on his right of the Prince and then around the room at each, observing the names written on their thrones. The first of them was Samjâzâ, the second Artâqîfâ, and the third Armên, the fourth Kôkabel, the fifth Tûrâêl, the sixth Rûmjâl, the seventh Dânjâl, the eighth Nêqâêl, the ninth Barâqêl, the tenth Azâzêl, the eleventh Armârôs, the twelfth Batarjâl, the thirteenth Busasêjal, the fourteenth Hanânêl, the fifteenth Tûrêl, and the sixteenth Sîmâpêsîêl, the seventeenth Jetrêl, the

## Enoch In the City of Adam

eighteenth Tûmâêl, the nineteenth Tûrêl, and the twentieth Rumâêl.

The beings were all ornamented with precious jewels and fine clothing, and looked only slightly less beneficent than their leader. Their attention was drawn quickly to Cain and he felt the burden of their gaze. He looked to the Prince for direction.

The Prince smiled at Cain and offered, “These are my lieutenants—our lieutenants—and they can assist you in whatever obstacle that is placed before you.”

Cain was pleased to hear this and the beings smiled their allegiance as he looked around the room at each of them again.

“Please, my son, tell them what you desire,” the Prince urged, gesturing in the direction of those to his left.

Cain looked at them and began to speak, rehearsing the problems that beset him as a result of his brother’s disrespect and insults. The creatures listened respectfully and nodded their sympathy as the tale of gross injustice unfolded before them.

“Yes,” agreed Azâzêl, seated nearest to where Cain stood, “the Watchers have disrupted our efforts, although some of our inroads are beginning to bear fruit. And this Abel has proved himself to be a disturber of the peace and an enemy of the kingdom.”

Cain’s heart was lifted knowing that he wasn’t alone in his struggle. Perhaps they could help him achieve justice in the matter.

“Cain, my son,” leaned in Artâqîfâ, “your brother is a very rich man. It is not right that he should have so much while so many others go without. Where is the fairness in that? Where is the justice?”

“It is an abomination,” agreed Sîmâpêsiêl.

“He is greedy,” testified Hanânêl. “He does not deserve to hoard his wealth while others struggle for their daily living. We made him a steward over all that is in the earth, that he may distribute to the poor and see to the needs of the masses, but he has glutted himself on the fat of the earth, and acquired riches that he may consume them alone. He has robbed the people—he is a thief and a liar!”

The others agreed in their turn and Cain became indignant at his brother’s avarice and arrogance. As the creatures reviled Abel and his selfish and evil practices Cain’s loathing billowed, and his many wounds suffered at his brother’s hands pained him dreadfully. There was no apparent relief, yet these beings seemed to possess knowledge and have abilities that could prove useful. Their alliance with the High Prince certainly made them formidable, and their sworn allegiance to Cain’s cause to help him overcome his suppression was comforting. He watched

them carefully and gloried in their conclusions and edicts.

“Has Cain received an endowment of power yet?” Azâzêl finally queried in the direction of the Prince.

All of those present looked at the Prince, then at Cain. Cain wondered what this meant, but liked the sound of it. Power was what he sought above all other things on the earth. His eyes drifted from one creature to the next, then fell again on the Prince who regarded him as a loving father might have done.

“Perhaps the time has arrived,” the Prince said seemingly resigned to the inevitable.

Cain was anxious, marveling at what the endowment of power might possibly entail. He craved power—power to enforce his ideas without the approval of those who were too dim to recognize their value or his superior ability to provide leadership. He watched the Prince closely, looking for signs of how great a gift he could expect. He had known the day was coming, and the Prince had hinted about marvelous things. Was this that day? Would his plan take a significant step forward at this time? He began to tremble at the thought.

Rumâêl furrowed his eyebrows and leaning forward in his throne warned gravely, “We cannot endow him with such power unless he has entered into the sacred covenant. And we certainly cannot bestow immortality and eternal dominion on him until we have received the token of his faithfulness.”

They all nodded in agreement while Cain swooned with thoughts of what was meant by these lofty concepts. Power, immortality, eternal dominion—these were what he had sought his entire life, promises dangled before him by his father and the Watchers as if he were some kind of small dancing dog in a roadside bazaar. Their promises had proved hollow and their ability to deliver doubtful as he received rebuke after humiliating chastisement for his efforts. There seemed to be no hope of exaltation following the teachings and path of his father. His way was inferior to that of the Prince.

“Sss . . . sacred covenant? Token?” Cain stammered.

The Prince looked at his lieutenants letting his eyes circle the room, and finally asked, “What is your answer?”

The beings nodded their heads in unison while Azâzêl spoke, “If the man is willing to enter into so great a role, we must receive him as our king.”

Cain puffed with self-importance as he heard these words and calculated their meaning. The mechanisms at work were not entirely clear

## Enoch In the City of Adam

to his understanding, but it was obvious that things were turning out as they had been destined from the very beginning.

A mist formed in the air before Cain and he saw a vision therein, of himself surrounded by all of the beings in the room, who were bowing before him and praising him as their king and their god. Even the High Prince was worshipping before him in the vision, and something very familiar about the scene resonated within him. He was transfixed on the imagery and the beings all watched his expression intently. Their kindly appearance transformed slightly as they reveled in Cain's triumphant revelation and if he could have removed his eyes from the scene for even a moment he would have seen them in a truer form—not nearly so human or gracious as they had a moment earlier appeared to be, sitting enthroned in priestly attire in this gilded, lavish chamber.

The Prince watched Cain's eyes as they danced with the images before him, then asked, "Are you willing, my son? Are you willing to fill your destiny, and lead the world into the Great Order?"

Cain lifted his eyes as the presentation faded and looked into those of his High Prince. He looked to his right then to the left, glimpsing the faces of the angelic beings who surrounded him and offered him so much. He didn't fully comprehend the gifts that they desired to bestow on him or their reasons for so doing, but he understood that if any man were destined to receive them, it was him. There was no other choice. He was the natural selection of the Elohim, and that could not be denied. Of all of the sons of Adam that drew breath on the earth, no one else enjoyed his level of understanding or wisdom. Certainly not Abel, who chased their father's dreams like a foolish harlot. He was praised and adored by all, and even Mother had come to prefer Abel it seemed. It was robbery. Cain was the heir, and it was his time to ascend. With the help of these gullible creatures he would take possession of all that he deserved.

"Yes, I am willing," he replied. Cain looked at the Prince in anticipation of what would follow.

"Very well, then," the Prince pronounced, "Let it so be."

Those in attendance nodded their agreement again and as suddenly as they had appeared, they were gone, all but one. Cain blinked in startled disbelief, turning quickly to look around the room and behind him. There he saw the one whose throne had borne the name Azâzêl, but the throne was gone.

Azâzêl came forward and stood beside Cain saying to the Prince, "Great Prince, Bearer of all Light and Wisdom, what would you have me do?"

The Prince smiled proudly at Cain and without removing his eyes from him said, “Let us administer the oath of the covenant to this, my son, and bestow upon him dominion, power, and immortality.”

“And what is the token of the man’s faithfulness, my Lord?” Azâzêl asked looking toward Cain.

Cain was so caught up in his heady thoughts that the details of the discussion were escaping his notice. He envisioned himself in a succession of scenes of power, glory and honor, imagining his brother Abel in humiliating circumstances, relishing the feelings that surged through him like the lightening of heaven. He heard the word *token* again and focused on Azâzêl for a moment.

Cain waited to hear what the token would be, looking first at Azâzêl then at the Prince. The Prince regarded the man intently, watching his features change as each fanciful thought scampered across his face.

“Summon Gâdreêl,” the Prince commanded, and suddenly another being stood beside Azâzêl and looked upon Cain. Cain returned the gaze and wondered out loud why he so strongly resembled the angel who sat in the throne bearing the name Armên.

“Gâdreêl is my earthly name,” the being explained. “Armên is my princely name—that by which I am known in heavenly realms and in the eternities.”

This explanation was very impressive to Cain, who marveled all the more at the power that this personage might bring him.

“Cain, my son,” Gâdreêl began, “I am instructed to reveal to you the great secrets of the heavens and to administer to you the token of your faithfulness to the sacred covenant you are about to enter into.”

Cain’s eyes brightened with anticipation. Sweat began to trickle down his temples and his head was light. He struggled to focus on every word the angel would speak.

Gâdreêl looked into Cain’s eyes and said, “The knowledge you are about to receive is reserved to the holy Brotherhood, and cannot be disclosed to any other. Do you understand this?”

Cain nodded eagerly, but Gâdreêl instructed him to speak it aloud.

“Yes. I understand,” Cain agreed.

“Do you understand that any who enter into this covenant will do so at the peril of life?” Cain looked somewhat perplexed at this revelation. “If you receive this sacred knowledge,” Gâdreêl continued, “and enter into this holy covenant, you will have travelled too far down the path of godhood, and may not turn back.”

This sounded perfectly reasonable to Cain, and his heart beat heavily

## Enoch In the City of Adam

to know what the secrets were and how they would make him a god. His eyes bid the angel to continue.

“Do you agree to the terms of this covenant?” Gâdreël asked pointedly.

The Prince broke in suddenly, his face dreadful and his voice barking, “Swear to me by your throat, and if you reveal it you shall die!” Cain recoiled as the Prince continued. “And swear your brothers by their heads . . . and swear by the living God, that they tell it not; for if they reveal it, they too shall surely die; and this that your father may not learn of it. This day I will deliver your brother Abel into your hands!”

Cain waited a moment to see if the Prince was finished, afraid of what might happen if he spoke too soon. Seeing that he was expected to reply he timidly answered, “Yes.”

The Prince’s countenance slackened, turning to a smile, then beaming his approval while Gâdreël continued.

“Brother Cain, I bestow upon you the sacred knowledge, which will set your foot on the path to earthly power, dominions, and glory, and if you abide within this sacred covenant, you shall receive greater knowledge than this, which will guaranty your place in the eternal realms as well.”

Cain anxiously agreed and awaited his endowment of sacred knowledge.

“You are a prince among the men of earth, the foremost of all the sons of God who have taken flesh, and you shall rule on earth as their immortal king. Your dominion will increase in proportion to your diligence.”

Cain was drunk with power-lust as he realized the great blessings that were being pronounced upon him by these omnipotent beings. They would now reveal to him all that he must know to take his rightful place on the throne of the world.

“The token of your faithfulness is that which will establish your dominion and glory, and free you of your burden,” Gâdreël said.

Cain thought about what the angel had said, but was unable to fathom its meaning.

“I . . . I don’t understand,” he said. “What is my token?”

“I will now explain all of the ways in which human life may be taken.” Cain cocked his head as he thought of those who had died in accidents or at the hands of beasts and left the world prematurely. Why would the angel show him these things? he wondered.

A mist formed and there appeared a vision before him of his brother

Abel, standing among his many flocks. Cain grimaced at the sight, letting his hatred flow freely through him. In the vision he saw himself come up behind Abel with a large stone, and wondered what this could mean. He watched with anticipation of what would happen and wondered how this would provide him with an endowment of power or earthly principalities. He saw himself raise the stone high above his head and approach Abel from behind, wondering why he would do such a thing. Then, suddenly and unexpectedly he saw himself strike Abel on the head with the large stone. He recoiled and gasped, never having considered such a thing to be possible. Abel fell to the ground, blood flowing from the large wound on his head, and the Cain in the vision rejoiced over his accomplishment. Cain looked at the Prince then at Gâdreël, and they nodded at him with great satisfaction, as though he had just performed the deed himself, then directed his attention back to the mist where the vision was playing out before them.

The vision then reset itself as Cain saw himself come up behind his brother and strike him with a heavy branch taken from a tree. The vision reset again and he saw himself coming upon his brother and opening his throat with a blade used for offering up the lambs of sacrifice.

“Never before has this thing been done among men,” Cain spoke almost unconsciously. “How shall it be?”

“It shall be well with you,” Gâdreël answered, “for in addition to the knowledge of all of the blows of death of men, I will reveal to you all that you must know to rise to the highest throne, as well as the secret of immortality. You will be as the Elohim, possessing all knowledge and immortal life.”

The display reset itself and Cain saw himself strangling his brother, Abel, then again as he pierced his heart with a hunting spear. Many more scenes of taking Abel’s life played out before Cain and his repulsion faded as the shock of this concept passed. His mind soon became habituated to the notion of taking human life, especially that of Abel. A feeling of contentment began its course through his heart as he contemplated the act of killing his brother. There was something exhilarating about the idea. He felt a release of all his pent up frustration and a deep and satisfying sense of justice. The feeling swelled within him quickly, transforming into an overwhelming joy. He perceived a type of repayment for wrongs inflicted with the feeling, and a sensation of justice, then complete freedom burst into Cain’s mind as he viewed himself standing over his dead brother’s body.

“I am free!” he shouted, his voice reverberating off the stone walls of

## Enoch In the City of Adam

the cave.

“Yes,” Azâzêl agreed. “It is freedom that we give you, my son. No one will dare tell you what you can or cannot do ever again. You will be a god, and your word will be final. No one will dare to question your judgment. You are a god, a son of the Elohim, and you alone will rule throughout all of the earth.”

Cain closed his eyes and inhaled the intoxicating aroma of freedom and dominion.

“And when you have freed yourself of your brother’s many injustices,” Gâdreêl instructed, “you will be free to take that which is rightfully yours.”

Cain’s eyes grew wide at this suggestion. “What do you mean?”

“When Abel is no more,” Gâdreêl explained, “there will be no witness. You will be free to take possession of your brother’s flocks and say that he sold them to you. There will be no one to say that it is not so.”

Cain’s face instantly blossomed into rapturous bliss at this revelation. His mouth opened wide and he rejoiced, “I am truly free! I had never known so great a secret in all of my years, and now I am its master. Truly I am Mahan, the master of this great secret, that I may murder and get gain.”

“That is right,” the Prince comforted with agreement.

“You are its master,” Gâdreêl agreed, “and you must take every precaution to ensure that you remain so. There are others, many others, who would strip you of your high position and take from you your mastery of this great secret. You must guard yourself, and the secret.”

“How shall I do so?” Cain asked.

“You shall reveal it only to those who prove themselves faithful and discrete,” Gâdreêl replied. “And you shall administer it with an oath, that any who enter into the Brotherhood of your secret will recognize you as their master, and the master of the great secret, and that they will never reveal the secret or its possessors to anyone who is not a brother of the oath. If so, the Brotherhood will take their lives. Do you understand this?”

Cain nodded his assent, then remembering his instruction spoke up and said, “Yes, I understand.”

“Give me your left hand,” Gâdreêl instructed. Cain blankly extended his hand and Gâdreêl looked at it as Cain’s sleeve moved without assistance to reveal his wrist. The man was pleased to see the display of power on his sleeve and was filled with anticipation to know what

marvelous thing would follow. He suddenly saw a small metallic object rise from a nearby case and float toward them. It was golden, but with a bronze tinted burnish, and appeared to be a short tube about two fingers in width, with some sort of metallic design on the end. Cain followed it with his curious eyes as it neared him and he suddenly recognized the design. It was the mirror image of the emblem on the Prince's apron and the implication excited Cain just as the design end of the device pressed against his wrist.

Searing pain surged like lightning through Cain's arm and he recoiled with a violent jolt. He imagined that his limb had been instantly removed in one great chomp by a crocodile, and looked at it in terror to see if it was still attached. Indeed, all was well with the limb and the only sign that he had been touched by the device was a dark mark on his wrist. As the pain quickly subsided Cain's mind reflected on the beauty of the mark, extremely pleased that he now shared the priestly emblem of the High Prince.

Nothing like this had ever happened in his visits to this place before, and this day was fast becoming the most important in his life. He curiously looked at the emblem on his wrist, regarding it from all angles. He wondered if it would cause him more pain if he touched it, and cautiously put a finger out and neared the mark. As he finally touched the emblem on his wrist a torrent of sweeping pleasure rushed through his body, nearly as intense as his pain had been just a moment before. Cain nearly forgot that he was not alone and his knees began to fail him. The beings who watched knew his thoughts and what had just happened to him pleased them immensely. They lusted for the opportunity to feel the pleasure and pain that had so thoroughly filled this mortal. They watched with voracious anticipation and intensity, filled with unquenchable desire to know his secrets.

Cain recovered from the shock of intense sensations and regained his composure and looked up at the beings with him.

"Administer the mark to all who enter into the oath of the secret," Gâdreël explained as the device hovered near Cain. He looked at it and assumed he was intended to take it, but feared what would happen if he touched it. A small object immediately floated from the case the brand had come from and attached itself over the emblem end of the device. "Take it. You will feel no pain from it," the being spoke, coaxing Cain to reach out and grab it.

He cautiously touched the device and found the word of the angel to be true. He grasped the brand and held it tightly in his hand, confirming

## Enoch In the City of Adam

his ownership and mastery of it.

The Prince smiled with an approving nod of his head. “There is one last matter,” he said, as Cain turned his attention fully to his mentor. “This day we will bestow on you the secret of immortality, and you will become a god, the master of life eternal.”

Cain listened greedily, nearly jumping with his anxious desire to learn this last, grand secret. With the knowledge he had received from these angels already, he could rule the world. With the knowledge he was about to receive, he could rule the heavens as well.

**a total of 31 chapters and 281 readable pages**

For Preview Purposes Only